

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·

·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS·

VOL. XXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 24, 1891.

No. 19.

College Days.

Oh! I often sigh for the days gone by
Ere the trials of life began,
And I sing the praise of those college days
Ere I grew to be a man.
For my cares were light and my pleasures bright,
And the friends I loved were true;
But my troubles now—ah! they furrow my brow,
And my friends are far and few.

In those sunny years, how we banished fears
Of the future, glorious fair!
How we longed to start for the world's great mart,
And to win our laurels there!
But the years have come, and our hopes—ah, some
Have ruthlessly been shorn
Of the lustrous haze that entranced our gaze—
We recall them but to mourn.

To be quickly men was our chief wish then,
To desert our college home;
And to front the strife on the field of life,
Or in search of pleasure roam.
But our youth has gone, and the sun that shone
O'er its path no more we scan,—
So I sing the praise of those college days
Ere I grew to be a man.

SENEX.

Cytology, or Cellular Biology.*

BY REV. A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C.,

Professor of Natural Sciences in the University of Notre Dame.

Since the time of Hooke (1665) the knowledge of the organic cell—that elementary organism or individuality of organic beings—has accumulated to such an extent as to constitute a science in itself, and the time has come that in a curriculum of university studies this knowledge should not be any longer limited so as to be

only treated in a paragraph or even in an introductory chapter on the cell in our text-books of Zoölogy or Botany; but it should receive that attention which the basis of all science of organized beings merits at the hands of the student of living organisms.

No one will disagree with me when I say that the cell is the unit of the organic world, just as in the science of mathematics the number one is taken as the unit of calculation and becomes an element in all mathematical problems. And as literature is only the more difficult study of the alphabet constituted by the units of language, the letters, so are Zoölogy and Botany, or the study of the organic world, only more difficult studies of the unit of organic beings, the cell.

That the study of the cell is therefore necessary to the student of organized beings is as evident as is the study of numbers to the student of mathematics; and as the study of the alphabet to the student of a language and its literature. That the position of the science of Cytology in a programme of biological sciences is easily located is apparent. What child would begin the science of mathematics with the calculus, or what student would begin his literary studies with Homer, Cicero or Shakspeare, before becoming acquainted with the letters of the alphabet so as to enable him first to read?

In the study of language and mathematics our programmes are very logical: the child is first made to understand the numbers and the alphabet of letters. Next, simple processes of mathematical calculation claim his attention, or he is taught how syllables are formed by combining letters, how words are only combinations of syllables, and sentences only combinations of words. Alas, for the biological studies! this logical order is reversed, and hence the

* From "The Microscope" for December.

difficult and slow progress of our knowledge of organic beings. More than once attention has been called to this fundamental error that strikes the study of Nature with sterility.

Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in his beautiful dissertation on the "Method in Natural History," complains bitterly that in biology one is forced to proceed in its study contrary to that simple logical rule which is the first principle of all scientific methods—"to proceed from the simple to the more complex." Here are his words: "They pass from the study of man to that of the animals and plants, and from the adult to the foetal state, and, by gradually extending and perfecting the acquired knowledge, they extend it down from the higher organized animals and plants to those lower in organization, and from the foetal state they descend to the embryonic—always from the most complex to the less complex, and finally to the most simple. Biology, therefore, has advanced contrary to both the logical and the natural order; for does not Nature itself, in the production of organic beings, always begin with the most simple (the egg, a simple cell), and then develop into the more complex, the adult being." Next, in a prophetic spirit, he declares that this method will cease to be observed the more science is perfected, and that at last, as it were by force, the scientist will adopt the logical order in his studies.

From these considerations it may be seen that the study of the organic cell is as necessary to the beginner in the study of organic beings as the learning of the figures and of the alphabet is to the beginner in the study of mathematics and literature. And as the child proceeds from the simplest combinations of figures and letters to the more complex calculations and sentences, so also the student of biological science must proceed from the simplest forms of life, the cell, and ascend to their combinations, first into simple tissues, then into organs, and finally to the most complex organisms.

To the cell, therefore, that abyss of littleness, the student of life must descend to seize life in its material source and divest it of its most profound secrets.

According to Professor Siebeck, of the University of Bâle, "It is required of the student of medicine, or of the natural sciences, that he should know not only a more or less extensive number of facts, but that he should learn also to reflect upon the problems of organization and life. . . . He must attain to that depth of knowledge where all scientific questions of biology are reduced to that one of *the life of the cell*."

And Professor W. Flemming, in his late work on "Zellsubstanz, Kern und Zelltheilung," expresses himself even more explicitly. He says that sooner or later the key of all biological phenomena, be they normal or pathological, must be found in the study of the cell. And to this, Canon J. B. Carnoy, the founder of the first chair of Cellular Biology at the University of Louvain, in 1876, adds that a profound or positive knowledge of organization can only be acquired by the patient and profound study of the cell. . . . Anatomy and physiology, he adds, are, after all, nothing more nor less than the difficult history of the cell.

What is the organic life of any of the higher beings in its healthy as well as in its pathological state but the resultant of the individual life of its innumerable cells? But to discourse on the resultant without knowing the precise value of its components would be simply attempting the impossible. But thus it is when the student of medicine or of animal life begins his studies with the most complex organism, man. Would it not be better, in order to get a full and proper idea of the function of an organ, to know the exact value of the life-units that compose that organ, and the combined action of which results in the total function of such an organ? Does not the responsibility of the man to whom we trust our life require that he be thoroughly acquainted with life and its various functions? But this he cannot be without knowing the full value of the ultimate components of the living body; and this knowledge he can only gain by a thorough, complete and profound study of the cell.

At the risk of becoming tiresome to the reader, let me point out one more consideration which goes to show that the study of the cell is at the bottom of all comprehensive knowledge of the organic world, and that the student of life must therefore first master the simplest material expressions of life, as shown to us in the form of the cell, before he can attempt to unravel the mysteries of the phenomena of life as exhibited to us by those more complex forms of cell aggregates which we call plants or animals. Analyze language, written or spoken, and you will get ultimately the simple letter or the simple articulate sound. Now, as one written letter and one articulate sound expresses sometimes the most complete idea, so also the cell in many cases is a complete living being; and as the letters have various shapes and the sounds various forms, so also the cells. What are various words, be they written or spoken, but the combination of letters or articulate sounds? And sentences and compositions again are only a

more complex combination of words, just as the most beautiful oration is only a combination of sounds. In like manner the cells in the organic world combine to form simple tissue-plants or tissue-animals, and by a combination of tissues we get the various complex forms of animals and plants. To analyze these beautiful life compositions is the work of the biologist, just as it is the object of the student of literature to analyze the harmonious combination of letters and words into sentences and compositions. If we were to carry out further this comparison we might show how some cells or tissues or organisms are beneficial in the organic world, and how others are the reverse, causing destruction and death wherever found; so with words and literary compositions.

Need we say that sometimes even one word has carried death and destruction to both the physical and moral life? This at once brings us face to face with the pathogenic forms of life, which to the student of medical pathology are as important as corrupt literature is to the moralist; and as it is the duty of the physician to prevent the spread of pathogenic life so it is likewise the moralist's duty to prevent the spreading of corrupt literature, because both carry death and destruction with them.

But it is not my object to moralize. I have only carried out this comparison to make myself better understood, and to show the importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the primary element of life as expressed by matter in the organic cell.

In conclusion, let me say that the study of the cell must be general, *i. e.*, must extend to both animal and vegetable forms; for the fundamental biological laws are essentially the same for all living beings. There are no two physiologies, one animal and the other vegetable; there is only one, just as there is only one cell; for the sarcode of Dujardin and the protoplasm of Von Mohl are identical, and, by the latest discovery of the development of the equatorial plate (Flemming) or nuclear disk (Strasburger) in animal cells, the last difference between the vegetable and animal cell has disappeared.

The study of the cell must also be complete, *i. e.*, the cell must be studied in all its phases, be they morphological, anatomical, physiological or chemical.

Finally, this study must, above all, be practical, *i. e.*, the student must be brought in actual contact with the life of the cell; he must see and investigate for himself; and this can be done only in a properly constructed and well organized laboratory of Cytology.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Ever since her institution the United States has held the enviable reputation not only of being the home and the birthplace of some of the greatest geniuses the world has ever produced, but also of being the hearthstone where willing listeners gather round the cozy, old-fashioned log fire, in long winter evenings, to listen to freedom's sweet voice, and to learn to love their country. This fact has made our country the possessor of the greatest number of the truest patriots claimed by any nation on God's earth.

Foreign countries have had proof of this, and England can tell a sad tale of the weight of America's arm, for she was the first to try it, and she can safely say that had that arm not been moved by a people rendered mighty in the knowledge of the justice of their cause, combined with their great patriotism, they could not have borne up under the seemingly insurmountable difficulties with which they had to contend.

The heart's blood of many a brave man slowly ebbed out while he fought like a demon for his own liberty and that of his sons; and through their efforts and by their hardships were the shackles of a despotic kingdom thrown from us, and our glorious young nation enabled to take her stand among others of the world, and hold her young head higher than any. America had just recovered from this shock and again settled down in peace, enjoying that liberty to which she had hitherto been a stranger, when dark clouds again collected all their force, and, slowly rising over the political horizon, suddenly burst with all their fury upon the pleasant towns and fertile valleys of our country in the form of civil war.

The North saw fit to make certain amendments in the possessions of the people of the South, and the latter, having once tasted the sweets of the cup of liberty, determined not to allow their rights to be tampered with; they accordingly rose as one and demanded their rights. The result was that this fair land was converted into a bloody field where the Americans proved their bravery, and showed what a small value they placed upon their lives when the good of their country was at stake.

The Southern people have often been misrepresented by bigoted persons who claimed that there was no patriotism in their hearts. If it be unpatriotic for a man to demand his rights and fight and die for his home and fireside, then, indeed, the Southern people were not patriotic.

They did not fight for the sole object of having a government of their own, they fought for what they thought was right; and, knowing that if they gained their point there would necessarily be a temporary division, they selected a man for their leader. As every one knows, the South was overwhelmed by numbers and at last reduced to submission. Bitter feelings naturally arose from this terrible civil strife, but by degrees all differences have been laid aside and now we happily stand hand in hand as brothers, and thus form the most respected and feared nation on earth.

Since the mighty tempests of political strife have blown over and left this land favored by the choicest gifts of good old Mother Ceres, we once more rest for awhile to look around us to see who is now foremost in keeping lighted the bright fire of patriotism so nobly kindled by our ancestors. The first glance discovers to our gaze the great old man, Oliver Wendell Holmes. As the trumpet inspires bravery and encouragement into the fluttering heart of the young warrior, just about to enter into his maiden battle, so does the voice of the poet inspire a love of country in the hearts of the people in times of peace.

Holmes, without doubt, has the right to the title of being America's greatest writer of patriotic verse. He first saw the light of day in the town of Cambridge, Mass., on the 29th day of August, 1809. His ancestors were gentle and of a literary turn of mind; so Dr. Holmes is a writer from the inheritance of his gifts in a greater degree than was possessed by those through whom they came. He is the last compeer of the old-style poets, and the fact cannot be questioned that he is a survival, not merely an experiment.

Many of our countrymen would do well to make a few researches into the writings, life and habits of Dr. Holmes, and profit by them; we do not mean those who are in every way entitled to the proud name of American, and those over whom our old flag casts her protecting folds, with a seeming knowledge of their constancy and love of country, we mean those who were unfortunately born in America, and who, having visited England, have become the slaves of affectation to such an extent that instead of proclaiming with just pride their birthplace, they admit with reluctance the fact that they are "Yankees." Of course, while this is disgusting in the extreme, we find consolation in the fact that were these traitors blessed with that American characteristic—an individuality—they would not make such contemptible blun-

ders; and again, where these instances occur, a false pride, induced by a weak mind and a giddiness, is always to be expected; those who are prone to adopt English customs, etc., are the ones who should consult the principles of Dr. Holmes; and if they are men at all, they will soon be converted into true Americans.

The people of this country all have a warm spot in their hearts and a partiality for the writings of Holmes; this is not at all to be wondered at when we take into consideration the natural simplicity and eloquence which has made him famous; his "Old Ironsides," for instance, captured the hearts of all; and when one stands on the docks at Portsmouth and sees a noble old hulk, for which these lines secured half a century of preservation, the poem presents itself with force and causes one's heart to beat high as he thinks of the great wrongs that may have been done his country.

Holmes' writings all shine with a droll humor and sparkling wit peculiarly his own, and even in his deepest and most thoughtful works this humor presents itself.

Every college boy should be a staunch admirer and supporter of Dr. Holmes, for he is our typical university poet, and his recollections of days when he was a careless, fun-loving boy himself insures the fact to the "boys" that in him they have a firm friend and brave champion, as is shown by his delightful poem read at a college banquet: "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?"

Holmes has now advanced to a ripe old age, though he does not deserve to be branded with that harsh-sounding name "old," since he still possesses a youthful vigor, and his writings still continue to please everyone. Let us hope that he may long flourish as the ideal of college boys, for it would be hard to find a worthy successor to so noble an old man and so staunch a patriot.

G. M.

"Kenilworth."

"Kenilworth," like most of Scott's romances, portrays historical scenes and personages. The plot is founded on the mysterious death of the Countess of Leicester, who is thought to have been murdered by order of her husband. Around this sad affair Scott has woven a narrative which arouses all the reader's sympathies for the unfortunate countess, and hatred for her murderer, Varney.

Lidcote Hall is the seat of Sir Hugh Robsart, noted throughout Devonshire for his hospitality. The other members of his family are, Amy, his

only child, and Edmund Tressilian, whom he loves as a son. Between these two there is a contract of marriage, but its execution has been deferred for a year at the request of Amy, who regards him rather as a brother than a lover. During this time, Richard Varney, a distant relative of the family, becomes a guest at the Hall. He soon becomes enamored of Amy; but she receives his attentions first with indifference and then with disgust. Varney's manner changes, and they appear to hold many secret meetings. Amy soon vanishes, and Varney disappears about the same time. Sir Hugh is broken-hearted and his health rapidly declines. Tressilian determines to restore the runaway, to her home. He finds her at Cumnor Place—a former residence of the monks of Abingdon, now belonging to Varney. He supposes she is the paramour of Varney, and urges her to return to her home; but in vain. He then determines to lay the case before the queen, and demand, in the name of Sir Hugh, that Varney be compelled to do justice for the wrong he has done.

The earls of Leicester and Sussex are rivals for the first place in the court of Elizabeth. Although the queen treats with them impartially in matters of state, yet she displays a particular interest in Leicester, and it is the general opinion that the day is not far off that shall see him king of England.

Through the intervention of his follower, Varney, Leicester has met and married Amy Robsart. But the marriage must be kept secret lest it ruin the ambitious designs of the earl. Amy is sent to Cumnor Place and committed to the care of Anthony Foster, a tool of Varney's. Under such circumstances she had been unable to defend her character before Tressilian.

Meanwhile the rivalry between the two earls becomes more and more bitter, and the followers of each house present the appearance of small but well-equipped armies.

Sussex falls dangerously ill, after eating a sauce seasoned with condiments furnished by a herbalist, calling himself Demetrius, who quickly disappears. But his life is saved by Wayland Smith, who had formerly been "a half partner, half domestic" to this man, and had acquired many of his secrets. The queen visits the sick earl, censures him for surrounding himself with armed followers, and announces that she intends speedily to take up his quarrel with Leicester. Shortly after the two earls are summoned to appear at court, and a forced reconciliation takes place between them. The queen tells Leicester that she will visit his castle of Kenilworth the

ensuing week, and bids him invite Sussex to be present. Tressilian and Varney and his wife—for such he has sworn to the queen Amy is—must also be there.

Some means must now be taken to prevail on the countess to accompany Varney to Kenilworth as his wife. Leicester writes to her entreating her to bear the name of Varney for a few days, but she refuses. Varney now determines that sickness must serve as an excuse for her absence. He forces her to drink a cordial prepared by Doctor Alasco, who is Demetrius under another name. But her life is also saved by Wayland, who enters Cumnor Place disguised as a pedlar. The countess now determines to escape, and is assisted by Wayland, who is acting under Tressilian. They travel to Kenilworth in the company of a troop of actors, and after much difficulty obtain admission to the castle. Unable to find shelter elsewhere, Wayland leaves the countess in the apartments of Tressilian without her knowing they are his. Here she writes a letter to Leicester, informing him of her arrival, and beseeching an interview. Later she meets Tressilian who wishes to assist her, but she makes him promise to do nothing for twenty-four hours.

During the day she leaves her room and meets the queen and Leicester. But Varney is again at hand, and declares she is mad and that this is the sickness that had prevented her attendance at the revels. He obtains the queen's permission to take her back to Cumnor. Having told Leicester of her presence in Tressilian's apartments, and convinced him that she had betrayed him, the earl determines she must die, and gives him permission to remove her to Cumnor that the deed may be more secretly committed. But the earl soon repents of his hasty action and sends a messenger after Varney forbidding him to act; but Varney kills the messenger. The countess is murdered, and on the discovery of the crime, Varney commits suicide. In his confession he was careful to spare the character of his patron, and Leicester, after a brief retirement, is recalled to court. Sir Hugh Robsart died soon after his daughter. Tressilian embarked with his friend Raleigh for the Virginia expedition, and died at an early age in that foreign land.

JAMES M. BRADY.

FOOTBALL PLAYER (feebly): "Did we win?"

SYMPATHIZING COMRADE: "We did, old boy."

FOOTBALL PLAYER (excitedly): "Never mind this dislocated thigh, doctor; take these broken teeth out of my mouth so I can holler!"—*Ex.*

Faith's Prayer.

Oh! Love sincere,	No angel blessed,
Be Thou e'er near	By thee caressed,
Our aching hearts	In realms of light
In worldly marts	In bliss' delight,
Of vice and sin	With us can share
To deftly win,	Pure Faith, since there
To sweetly lure	They see their all
To heaven sure,	In Heaven's hall.
By words so mild:	
"With Me, My child,	In deepest hell
Thy soul shall rest	Where angels fell
On Mary's breast."	No Faith can thrive
	Nor there survive;
In Faith and Hope	They lost their all
With toils we cope;	In Satan's thrall.
Nor dread nor fear	
Withhold us here;	In Faith, all love,
The path is straight,	We gaze above
The labor great;	And wait to hear,
But still we pray	O Saviour dear,
The livelong day	Thy words: "O see
Our home to gain,	What Faith for thee
With Thee to reign.	Doth bring, doth win,
	Thou child of sin."

O then adieu
To earthly view.

A. K.

Nature.

How eloquently beautiful is mother Nature! How silently grand, when on some lovely day in mid-summer we stand alone in the virgin forest! How all the cares of earth vanish at that moment when kindly Nature proudly shows forth her jewels—the giant trees, centuries old, sway calmly in the gentle breeze, smiling and whispering as if secure in their existence for evermore.

But listen: how still they are at times, until we think that perhaps even they, too, have their moments of sadness; and again see how they seem to fondle in an ecstasy of joy the birds that, perched on their topmost branches, pour forth such glorious floods of music, which but deepen the bewitching solitude.

Here, stretching away at our feet, is an open space with grass so soft and even and glossy that the very fairies, lest they mar it, must have feared to gambol there. And at its foot a silvery stream so deep and clear and still, that, looking into it, one seems to see God's image there reflected from heaven above.

I am alone—alone with Nature's glories—far from the haunts of man. Yet I am not lonesome. There is an "indefinable" delight in this isolation that I wish might stay forever. In this exalted mood how sublime is God's smallest work!

How wonderful is creation! What an unfath-

omable mystery its wonders seal! Oh, but for a moment to look beyond! For if earth is so glorious, what must heaven be! But no! A little time must we abide and then we shall break through those barriers, which from the beginning have defied all humankind, and be permitted to penetrate into the realms of light supernal.

The mighty sun blazes forth and reckes so little the presence of man. Yet he will live when it hath long blackened and crumbled away. Here worry and passion and avarice—those dark and troublous spirits who dwell within the shadowy walls of cities—are frightened by the all-pervading calm and flee away.

And as one stands in this primeval spot—earth's nearest approach to heaven—he readily yields to the sweet influence of that sentiment which springs eternal in the human breast, and agrees with the poet that "Man was fashioned for a happier world."

J. F. S.

Books and Periodicals.

—No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy of "Vick's Floral Guide" for 1891. It is an elegant book of over 100 pages $8\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, beautiful, colored illustrations of Sunrise Amaranthus, Hydrangea and Potatoes. Instructions for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of vegetable and flower seeds, plants, bulbs, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prizes of \$1,000 and \$200. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing because the 10 cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

—In the *Popular Science Monthly* for February Mr. William F. Durfee's "Iron-smelting by Modern Methods" is of special interest. This is the third of the great illustrated series of industrial papers now running in the *Monthly*, and shows a striking contrast between the procedure of 1840 and that of to-day. "Greeting by Gesture" is the subject of an interesting article by Colonel Garrick Mallery, describing modes of salutation practised in all parts of the world. There is a translation of an article by M. Georges Demeny on "Precision in Physical Training," telling how the best results can be obtained from muscular exercise. An illustrated account of recent "Progress in Agricultural Science" is contributed by Dr. Manly Miles. It describes experiments throwing light upon the nutrition of plants. The important part that snow plays

in the economy of nature is set forth under the title "The Storage of Cold," by Charles Morris. Education is represented by an account of "Co-education in Swiss Universities," by Flora Bridges. What Shetland Ponies are and what they are not can be learned from a breezy description here given. The subject of the portrait and biographical sketch is Jean-Charles Houzeau, a Belgian geologist, who was living in Texas and took part in the lively times at the outbreak of our civil war.

—A tribute to the Fourteenth is paid in the February *St. Nicholas* with the poem "An Old-Time Valentine," by Helen Gray Cone, with the frontispiece illustration by Edwards, and then Max Bennett describes "How the Mails are Carried," in an account of the Railway Post-Offices, with illustrations by C. T. Hill. Mary E. Wilkins, in her story "Mehitable Lamb," shows all the deftness of touch and perfection of choice which is so characteristic of her sketches of New England character, whether the personages be children or adults. We would call attention, also, to Mr. Davies's illustrations, because of their careful adherence to the types of the time and place. Every reader will heartily agree that Mehitable is no "tell-tale," and rejoice when the last dose of thoroughwort has been administered. Andrew Lang completes his recital of the story of the "Golden Fleece"; J. T. Trowbridge ably proceeds with his stirring serial; Noah Brooks carries on the Kansas adventures of his heroes, and Elfie and E-maj-na-shun find Cloudland a country of pleasant surprises. "Lady Jane" in this number finds true happiness with her grandfather, and thus this serial is completed with satisfaction to its countless readers. Besides, there are uninventoried riches in the pictures and departments, enough to rank the number with its brilliant predecessors.

The Origin of Human Reason.

Mr. St. George Mivart is the only English scientist of undisputed equipment and authority who maintains that the mind of man cannot have been developed by a process of physical evolution from the instincts and sensations exhibited by the lower animals. In order to set forth the reason for his convictions he has taken for a text a lately published book called "Mental Evolution in Man," by G. J. Romanes. A brief summary of the discussion will doubtless interest the reader.

The conclusion reached by Mr. Romanes rests, as Mr. Mivart demonstrates, upon two fundamental assumptions, namely (1), the infant *shows* no intellectual nature, therefore it has none, and (2) savages are intellectually inferior to us in varying degrees, therefore their ancestors had no intellect at all. Mr. Romanes supports these assumptions by the following assertions, to wit, that a child which can talk, but which does not

speak of itself as "I," cannot be self-conscious; again, that concepts are but sense-perceptions named; and, finally, that percepts are not truly distinguished as intellectual states at all. He is also accused by Mr. Mivart of seriously relating incredible tales about animals, and neglecting to define what is meant by a "sign," whereby he is led to read into the so-called "sign-making" actions of animals' meanings, which need not be ascribed to them, and which other facts show they will not bear.

As to the first assumption above mentioned, Mr. Mivart points out that we know that our infants grow into rational beings, and that we have no reason to suppose that they undergo, while under our care, a profound transformation of nature. Common sense, therefore, he submits, concludes that they are essentially rational from the first. The second assumption is met by the rejoinder that no race of men has anywhere been found destitute of speech, or incapable of plainly showing by gestures that they have a meaning they desire to convey, and that by their gestures, they intentionally seek to depict their ideas and to converse by signs. On the other hand, no race of animals has anywhere been found possessed of speech, or capable of plainly showing by gesture that they have a meaning they desire to convey, and that by their gestures they intentionally seek to depict their ideas and to converse by signs. Mr. Mivart deems it a fair deduction that man has, but that animals have not, a nature capable of rational language, expressed orally or by gesture.

Mr. Mivart holds, in other words, that language is the rubicon of mind, and it is so simply because it is the index of that intellectual power, the presence of which makes a true and necessary limit to evolution in the ascending series of organic transformations. He insists that there can be no such thing as real "signs" without intentional meaning, and that unmeant signs are not language; also that there is no meaning without mental conception, and no perception without (by implication) judgment. In his view the impressions made by the objects of nature on sensitive organisms are different according to the nature of such organisms, each being affected according to its nature and innate powers. In the vital organization of the animal they excite those sensations, and more and more complex feelings, imaginations and emotions which correspond to our own lower mental powers. In the living organism, man, not only do they call forth such feelings, but also by and through them, truly intellectual perceptions spontaneously start forth, containing within them (by implication) the very highest abstract ideas, including even the idea of being. His conclusion is that the prattle of the infant is the outcome of consciousness, and that self-perception and the predication of the copula not only may, but must be, present in the rudest forms of language known to be spoken by savages. —*N. Y. Sun.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, January 24, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Modern Methods.

A few weeks ago there fell into our hands a printed circular bearing stamp of an Eastern firm, and intended to reach such college students as may be addicted to doubtful methods. It brought us this startling bit of information:

"DEAR SIR:

"The student of the present day, though more capable than that of any preceding generation, finds that in doing justice to the physical man, he has little time for literary work and a thorough mastery of the sciences, and therefore his efforts in one branch or the other, or it may be both, are unsatisfactory."

This is just the sort of thing to strike the fancy of a certain class of college boys; first because they are dubbed "students," and "more capable than those of any preceding generation," and next because of the seeming apology that is offered for their becoming athletes instead of scholars. Without taking note of the pleasantry expressed in the first lines of the circular, consider the grave charge that is here adduced against the "physical man" whose demands for "justice" play such pranks with literature. The "physical man" is a brutal young fellow who goes about in slouch hat and untidy dress; whose face expresses not one intellectual or moral idea, and whose sole duty and occu-

pation is to have "sporting papers" in readiness for the coming recreation hour. He is honorary member of a few classes to which he devotes no time, though in truth he performs more labor in his endeavors to escape punishment and disgrace, when these have been incurred, than would regularly bring him through his tasks with flying colors. This is the "physical man" who is clamoring for "justice." But to go on with the circular:

"There are students in every college who enjoy literary work and those who detest it. There are those who are obliged by a tyrannical college faculty to waste both mortal time and parental money in gorging a brain with a material that is as essentially foreign to that particular intellect as is saw-dust to the human system. Therefore, in consideration of this fact, and of the work of students in their closing years of college, we have endeavored to fill a long-felt want by engaging two of the most prolific writers of the age, which enables us to furnish all kinds of literary productions at a very slight cost. Special attention paid to lectures, sermons and political speeches."

Now, if there is anything on earth more despicable than this tampering with the minds of young men, we beg to be left in ignorance of it. Think of American students in whom are centred all our brightest hopes and fondest wishes, think of these students having recourse to the methods suggested in the lines just quoted! What result can reasonably be expected from this, except a generation of dolts and noodles, unfit for high purpose or serious duty? In the name of all that is good and noble, let these "physical men" and persons who "detest" literature be turned out of our colleges and put to the plow. There is a solemn duty incumbent on every "tyrannical college faculty" to ward off such circulars and athletes from studious boys. The only good thing connected with it all is that these horrid "physical men" find no place in Catholic institutions. The circular just noticed is itself one "kind of literary production," and most people will agree that it is a very bad kind.

An incident which occurred last year in a well-known college of the West serves to illustrate the dangers which attach to this manner of procuring ready-made "orations." There was an inter-collegiate contest in speech-making which had been extensively advertised, and which attracted many distinguished visitors. Among them were the fond parents and numerous friends of the contestants. At the appointed hour the audience had gathered, and a young man approached the foot-lights to expatiate upon "Modern Civilization." There was an abundance of pathos, and the hearts of his auditors were successively soothed and riven until a magnificent climax brought his effort to a

close amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits. Meantime his rival, who witnessed the scene from the rear of the stage, showed evident signs of discomfort. He seemed ill at ease, and no one, let us hope, will ever know what were his inmost thoughts. Nothing daunted, however, he in turn faced the audience and announced as his theme "Modern Civilization." There was the same quantity of tears and the same magnificent climax; in fact he delivered his rival's speech *verbatim*, with this difference: his relatives and friends were dismayed rather than delighted. The contest was declared "off" and both young men were disgraced forever, and all—because they had purchased their "orations" from the same publishers. C.

Misdirected Education and its Consequent Evils.

We have often in these pages called attention to a great mistake made by many educators at the present day, namely, the cultivation of the intellect—of the mental faculties—to the total exclusion of the moral faculties; the cultivation of the head to the utter neglect of the heart, so that when young men have gone through a course of several years at some of our non-Catholic colleges they are in reality nothing more than intellectualistic animals, men whose souls have become so dwarfed and cramped within them that they scarcely know they possess such a thing as a soul at all. The evils of such training have long since begun to manifest themselves, and in a manner that should alarm, and has alarmed, solid thinkers as to the future of our people and country; but the cause of these evils are, we regret to say, allowed to continue all the same; remedies for one or more of them are mooted, but never a word, never a thought, as to the removal of their prolific cause.

Moral principles being neglected in youth, the consequence is that a mere intellectually educated man in after-life possesses no guide for his thoughts or actions, and licentious habits are contracted that carry him often beyond the pale even of common decency and the standard of decorum in civilized society. Even when he does not go so far, there is but a film separating him from the chasm, and the danger is constantly imminent that he will lose his balance and plunge into shameful excesses. Speaking in general terms in this way, one would think such extremes too revolting, and not often to be met with except among the most depraved classes of society. But is this the case? Let us take a passing

glance—not at the *habitués* of low places of amusement, variety-shows, and the like, but at the movers in what is considered "high life" in America, during the past ten years,—go we to Washington, the Paris of America, where we should suppose the *crème de la crème* of the intellect and culture of the land would be gathered in greater proportion than anywhere else, and how comparatively few will we find whose character will stand a crucial test, even without entering into a close examination of their private lives! Take the prominent men of any city or town you please, and then those of the country at large,—see the defalcations, the forgeries, the unscrupulous overreachings, frauds, deceit, divorces, and general corruption manifested, and you have a practical exemplification of the truth of our assertion. Why, not only a few years ago a member of Congress forged an old woman's name for a hundred or more dollars, presuming, likely, that his fraud would not be discovered; while some of our courts are turned into divorce marts.

To what, we would ask, is this moral corruption owing, if not to the want of proper training of the heart in youth? These men have little or nothing in the way of conscientious scruples; they scarcely know that there is a God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked—scarcely believe there is such a place as a hell for the wicked or a heaven to reward the just—and the consequence is that they acknowledge no restraint in wickedness but the fear of discovery and the humiliation it may bring upon them. There is none of that manliness, that innate honesty of principle and greatness of heart that, with few exceptions, is found only among those who have had a proper moral training in youth, either at home or at school.

But some one who has himself been bitten by the black serpent may say that the Godlessly educated are not alone in this respect—that they have among them some persons, not a few, who had received a Christian training, and who are not a whit better than they are. Conceded; but what does this prove? That if even with a Christian training there will be a few who, notwithstanding the knowledge that there is an Omnipotent Being who rewards the good, and punishes the wicked with the pains of hell,—who, notwithstanding all this, will so far yield to their evil propensities as to be willing to undergo an eternity of misery for a temporary gratification—of a few moments, a few days, or at most a few years; that if, even in these, corruption be so strong, what must it be in those who have no knowledge, or but little, of an omniscient

Judge, or a place of eternal reward or punishment? Taking a parallel case, we have now many jails and penitentiaries throughout the land, and above and behind all these the scaffold, to punish crime and lawlessness; nevertheless we see that some people will be found, and not a few, to commit crimes and risk the punishment either of imprisonment or hanging; but is this an argument against penitentiaries, the scaffold, or some commensurate punishment? Do away with them altogether, and what will be the consequence?

Just so is it with moral training in youth; if there are a few exceptions to be found even among those who have had such training—if an occasional black sheep will be sent out from among them, as there will be as long as human nature exists, yet these few exceptions cannot be made, or considered, a rule, and the advantages claimed for a moral and religious training in youth remain undiminished. A moral training is therefore the greatest boon that can be conferred upon the young,—far greater than wealth, even though it were enough to purchase the Indies—far greater than intellectual training alone, no matter if all the wisdom of antiquity were compressed into it. An intellectual pagan with all his acquirements is still a disgrace to humanity; whereas one who lives up to the moral code inculcated by the Gospel of Christ cannot be other than an honor to his race in the measure in which he keeps it.

Mendacity.

Of all the abominable habits in this world—and they are many—that of lying is the most abominable. The degradation which this despicable habit brings upon man is something simply indescribable. He who is addicted to this vice cannot trust himself, for, having lied, he is constantly in dread lest his actions should betray him, by proving the contrary of what he has asserted. Nor can he be trusted by his fellowmen; for since they know him to be a liar they never bestow upon him, nor does he ever merit, their confidence. They are aware of his having lied on former occasions, and now though he may be telling them the truth they cannot, without having some doubt as to the veracity of what he is saying, believe him. There are persons who, to save themselves from punishment, no matter how slight that punishment may be, or how trivial may have been the fault which they may have committed, instead of standing forth and making a bold and manly

declaration of the truth of what they have done, and receive the punishment which they have so justly merited, will resort to that vile and cowardly habit of lying. The liar may succeed by his vile habit in diverting suspicion from him for the time being, but in nine cases out of ten he is caught in the act. What then must be his mortification, what his shame, on seeing himself exposed! How humiliated he must feel to think that after having, perhaps, been obliged to tell ten lies in support of one, he has at last been detected and is now branded as a liar!

We should avoid the companionship of a liar with as much horror as we would that of a thief or a murderer. You may think that such an assertion is extravagant, but I can show you quite conclusively that a liar is all that I have said him to be.

He is a thief, inasmuch as he can rob us of that which we prize above all—our character. How many innocent, unsuspecting persons have had their good name more or less injured by the detractions of the liar! How many suicides have been caused by his base calumnies and misrepresentations! One instance of a suicide caused by the liar will suffice: In one of our Western towns there was a man who had established himself in business, and was doing well. He was distinguished for his integrity, manliness and uprightness of character. For a long time all went well; but by and by, owing to the lying disposition of a certain individual, false reports as to the character of the man were freely circulated. These reports, on account of the supposed integrity of the one circulating them, made rapid headway. Those who formerly stood by him as friends now began to desert him one by one. He, as a natural consequence, became disheartened and dejected, and seeing his business prospects destroyed, and his character ruined, resolved to put an end to his existence which he did by committing suicide. Other examples of the same nature could be adduced; but I deem it unnecessary to bring forward any more examples as proofs of what I have asserted—that a liar is both a thief and a murderer.

Thus far we have viewed the liar only in his relation with his fellow-men; let us now see how he stands in his relation to God. God is essentially a lover of truth, since He is Truth itself, and must therefore of necessity be diametrically opposed to the contrary—untruth. Let us examine one or two passages of Holy Scripture, in order that we may better understand the hatred which Almighty God bears towards this vice. In the Book of Wisdom we read: "The

mouth that believeth, killeth the soul"; and in the Apocalypse: "All liars shall have their portion in the pool burning with fire and brimstone." How hateful, then, must lying be in the sight of God, since He is compelled to condemn it in such fearful terms! Now I do not mean to say that every lie is mortal, and will consequently merit this general condemnation. No; far from it! For instance, in jesting we often say things which are untrue, but they are not mortal sins, since in jesting we do not mean to injure any one; still even those should be avoided, since he who begins lying in jest may also be led to lie in serious matters.

Lies are mortal sins only when told to oppose the great truths of religion; to praise vice or to condemn virtue; to protect or forward wickedness; to injure our fellowman in anything of consequence; when we know that they shall be a cause for scandal to others; when having made a promise in matters of consequence we fail to keep it; and when otherwise venial they are confirmed by oath. In all such cases they are mortal sins, merit the punishment due them, and carry with them the responsibility of making reparation before pardon can be obtained.

Such is the manner in which this contemptible habit is viewed by both God and man. You can never become distinguished members of society unless you are firm lovers of truth. Let you, then, who have contracted this habit of lying resolve to part with it forever; for if you do not, rest assured that you can never attain to that success for which you are striving. And no matter what position you may occupy in society,

"Or whate'er may betide,
Keep truth your companion,
And honor your guide."

Nothing to Do.

Every day there are any number of tramps applying here for something to eat. They have nothing to do, they say; there is no work for them, and they have not, as a consequence, any means of earning a livelihood. For those who are willing to work and yet are unable to obtain employment we have commiseration, and feel that it is an act of charity to give; but in ninety-nine times out of every hundred that the complaint is made it comes from those who, even when there is an abundance of work to be done, will never do more than what is sufficient to obtain for awhile the gratification of their appetites; by those who prefer sloth to honest industry; by those who would live off the work of their fellows; by those who live without any

aspiration as long as drink can be procured.

When they have eaten from the frugal repast set before them by the mistress of a farm they invariably, as a rule, take up their pack and begin again their tramp lest they be asked to do some work about the house. What! they work! not they. Times are hard, and they must be off. They have never accustomed themselves to this manual labor and cannot begin now. Leave chores to be done by the workingman; they want better employment.

There are times when the very best of workmen are out of employment, but this is the exception rather than the rule. There is always some work to be done, and a man skilled in some of the various trades, and who bears an honest reputation, is certain to be called upon. The hard-working, painstaking, skilful laborer is never for a long period of time altogether without employment. It is the man who has no desire to work, who passes month after month in idleness.

It is true that every man is not skilled in some one of the various trades, and it is more the pity that such is the case. Men cannot all be printers, or moulders, or blacksmiths; no more can they all be philosophers or physicians or lawyers or clergymen; but all men can be skilled in some one of the useful arts. They can all work, and do this work in a systematic manner, whether it be in holding the plow or tempering the iron at the blacksmith's forge, adjusting the type in the printing-office or mastering the steam in the engine, working in the mines or making the tools the miner uses. It is not necessary for a man, in order to be able to obtain work, that he be skilled in many arts; one is sufficient, and it is given to each one to perfect himself in one of these.

The great fault with us just now is not want of education. There is plenty of learning in the land. What is wanted in the United States is skilled workmen—men who are not led away by an inordinate desire of wealth to give up their trades to embark in speculation and stock-gambling, but who, having mastered their trade, stick to it, though the returns it brings them are not equal to those which come by commerce on stocks and grain. If the returns of the mechanic be not so large, they are always sure, and will always keep him in comfort if not in luxury. Men like these need never fear to be long out of work. They need not seek it, for work will come to them.

That man is well off who has mastered some trade in his youth. But it may be that in the course of years his money has accumulated

until he has become master of the shop where he formerly worked on wages. If misfortune then comes upon him, and he loses his wealth, he has that back of him which will support him. A stout arm, a brave heart and his good trade will enable him to make headway against adversity. But if he embark in some manufacturing enterprise with capital alone and with paid labor, when misfortune comes he is left to struggle without anything to back him in his efforts. He will be a man with nothing to do, while the skilled tradesman, who has suffered reverses, has work from which to gain his support.

B.

Local Items.

- Sir Thomas M-o-r-e.
- "Remember to be punctual."
- And still the stragglers come.
- "I could not restrain my weeps."
- To-morrow is Septuagesima Sunday.
- Music hath charms to soothe even ye Ed.
- The "Reception" was a *recherché* affair.
- The Juniors can boast of some fine skaters.
- Peripatetic philosophy is now at a discount.
- "Class Honors" will be published next week.
- The St. Cecilians have an Historian in *Ernest* now.
- Some persons are good speakers, but Thomas *more*.
- That hand-painted red shade in Dusie's room is a daisy.
- The church music furnished by the choir is simply excellent.
- The ice is all right; but where, oh! where is that big snow-storm?
- New books are being constantly added to the Lemonnier Library.
- Several of the newly-ordained have already preached in South Bend churches.
- The boys now look back upon the Christmas vacation as something of long ago.
- Two kinds of cutting have been going on at the lake: Some cut ice, others cut stars.
- Mr. George Nester, of Detroit, was a welcome visitor at the University Thursday.
- The Brownson Hall men are already preparing tickets for the spring athletic elections.
- There was a special and very entertaining meeting of the St. Cecilians at 4 p. m. on Thursday.
- Roger B. Sinnott, Sorin Hall, averaged 89 in the late examination. By mistake his average was omitted.
- The Carrolls keep the ice on St. Joseph's Lake in good order by sweeping it and flooding it before a cold wave.

—Mike makes a magnificent villain. His summary mode of "yanking out" poor William was perfectly realistic.

—A Brownson Hall Crescent Club was organized Monday evening. Many pleasant social reunions will be the result.

—The Thespians have begun preparations for the literary, musical and dramatic entertainment to be given in honor of Washington's Birthday.

—A handsome life-size portrait in oil of the late Chevalier P. V. Hickey has been added to the collections connected with the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—On Sunday last, at the students' Mass, the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., delivered the first of a series of dogmatic and moral conferences on the Holy Eucharist.

—The Director of the Historical department has lately received from Cuba a large number of manuscripts bearing on the early history of the Spanish missions in the South.

—Through an oversight the name of Mr. Owen O'Connor, one of the accomplished assistants of Bro. Augustus, was omitted in the report of a visit to the tailoring establishment.

—The Director of the Library acknowledges with gratitude the receipt of a beautifully illustrated edition of "Animate Nature" in sixty parts, a gift from Rev. Father Rogers, President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Carroll Hall recreation rooms present a lively appearance during the after-supper recreations each evening. Innumerable games of chess, checkers, dominos and other games absorb the interest of the youthful devotees of pleasure and amusement.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. Louage, C. S. C., one time Master of Novices and Professor of Philosophy at the University, now Bishop of Dacca in Eastern Bengal, was solemnly consecrated in the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, on the 11th inst., and will shortly repair to his new diocese.

—We have received a rather lengthy poem in which the writer insists that he is "not old." We can give him a certificate to the effect that he is very young and fresh in regard to sending "matter" to the printer; for an "old-liner" would not write on both sides of the paper.

—An interesting entertainment was given by Rev. Father Zahm in Washington Hall last Thursday afternoon before a large and appreciative audience. The Rev. lecturer took his hearers through the country of the Czar and illustrated the phases of social and political life peculiar to that country. Those who have ever attended one of Father Zahm's pictorial lectures—and those only—can realize what pleasure the entertainment afforded.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, has issued a circular to the members of the Community in which he accentuates the request re-

cently made to him by Cardinal Simeoni for additional missionaries to Dacca, East Bengal, and urges those of the Community who feel called to that apostolate to communicate with him before the first of April. It is probable that a large number of applications will be made, and that a party will set out for Dacca about September of this year.

—The members of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society met on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, for the purpose of reorganizing for the second session. The election of officers resulted as follows: Revs. T. E. Walsh and M. J. Regan, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Director; Bro. Marcellus, C. S. C., President; Bros. Alexander and Lawrence, C. S. C., Promoters; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Literary Critic; Prof. Frederick J. Liscombe, Musical Director; E. O'Rourke, 1st Vice-President; W. Bates, 2d Vice-President; A. Neef, Treasurer; E. Ball, Recording Secretary; B. Bates, Corresponding Secretary; W. Gerlach, Librarian; J. Girsch, Historian; E. Dorsey, 1st Censor; J. Hack, 2d Censor; A. Leonard, Sergeant-at-Arms; Yingst, Marshall.

—At the regular meeting of "The Promoters of Public Culture" the following preamble and resolutions were enthusiastically adopted:

WHEREAS, It has from time immemorial been a cardinal principle of all domestic economy that soiled linen and kindred articles should be relegated to an obscurity where they cannot shock the public view:

AND WHEREAS, For some time past a public staircase in the vicinity of the upper lake has been disfigured by the flaunting thereon of two red rags, presumably the disintegrated fragments of some whilom tramp's cast-off body garment; Therefore, be it

RESOLVED; That this society record its most emphatic condemnation of so flagrant a violation of the most elementary principles regulating æsthetic culture, good form, and common decency; and pledge itself to effect the cessation of the nuisance: And be it further

RESOLVED; That to insure the publication of these resolutions, the Treasurer be authorized to confer with the advertising agent of the SCHOLASTIC, and arrange for their insertion at the usual rates. tf.

—The law-makers of Texas have just given proof of their good taste and careful discrimination in selecting Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., '78, to open the twenty-second legislature with prayer. Father Hurth is one of the brightest and most enterprising men in the South, and is well known as the most popular educator in Texas, with whose best interests he has always been identified. As President of St. Edward's College, Austin, he has achieved great success in extending the influence of the most prosperous institution south of "the line." Texans, without distinction of class or creed, are proud to point out Father Hurth as one of their representative men—a distinction for which his rare mental qualities eminently fit him. The prayer with which he opened the new legislature is characterized as earnest, devout and patriotic, an impressive invocation of Almighty God for the peace, happiness and prosperity of the people.

—The Moot-court held session on Monday,

the 19th inst., under the title of the United States Courts of Claims, and tried the case of Jacques Van Raalte *vs.* James G. Blaine as Secretary of State of the United States, Justice Herman presiding. The court was called to order by Sheriff Cassidy, and L. Chute the clerk read the docket. The plaintiff demands payment from the United States upon coupon bonds of the value of \$125,000 with interest to date, issued by the Southern states in 1864 to the said plaintiff. Subsequent to this date, Secretary Seward had issued a proclamation that "neither the United States nor any state shall pay any debt incurred in aid of the rebellion." J. Manly, attorney for the plaintiff, contended that this proclamation was illegal and in violation of the Constitution. He based his arguments on citations from Story on the Constitution and Wharton's International Law Digest. W. P. Blackman for the defendant, opening the case in his demurrer, alleged the insufficiency of the facts contained in the complaint, and supported his statements by citing from Myer's Federal Decisions. After hearing the arguments on both sides, Justice Herman closed proceedings by a few appropriate remarks sustaining the demurrer. The case was appealed.

—On Wednesday evening the St. Cecilians met in their beautiful Society Hall for the purpose of electing their officers for the present session. The St. Cecilians, as every one knows, are all enthusiastic members of their society—which, by the way, is the best in the house—hence a lively fight for offices was looked for. The result of the election was as follows: Honorary Directors, Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C.; Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.; Promoter, Bro. Alexander, C. S. C.; Literary Critic, Prof. Maurice F. Egan; Honorary President, Prof. James F. Edwards; Musical Director, Prof. Frederick J. Liscombe.

After these officers had been chosen the real contest began. By the unanimous vote of the society the 1st and 2d Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Boyd and Murphy, respectively, and the Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Fitzgerald, were re-elected to the respective offices which they so admirably filled during the past session. For Recording Secretary there was a close contest, the final ballot between Messrs. Du Brul and Carney resulting in a vote of 13 to 14 in favor of the latter. For Corresponding Secretary there were several candidates in the field. At the fourth ballot Mr. Hannin was elected by a large majority. Mr. Du Brul was then chosen Historian, and Mr. Fleming was elected 1st Censor closely contested by the other Denver "Chuck," Mr. Charles Scherrer. As it was getting late the election of the other officers was postponed. After a few remarks by the Rev. President, relative to the reception, the meeting adjourned.

—A visit on Tuesday last to the Tailoring establishment in the new Manual Labor School revealed not only how perfectly this depart-

ment is provided with the means of supplying every demand in the line of clothing for men's wear, but also what a useful and practical school it is for young men desirous of learning and perfecting themselves in this important branch of human industry. The tailoring department is under the direction of Brother Augustus, C. S. C., and occupies about 100 feet square of the upper story of the new large building completed early in the fall of last year. As you ascend the winding staircase from the main entrance you are ushered into the reception room where you find the genial Brother presiding, ever courteous in his attendance upon visitors, ever prepared to attend to the wants of those who may require his services. The long walls are lined with cases, beautifully curtained, the shelves of which are filled with cloths, of all kinds and hues, from which each one can satisfy his taste in providing himself with, and every design in all that pertains to those outward habiliments destined for the male portion of humanity. Brother Augustus, himself an experienced cutter, directs the measurement and cutting of cloths, and is ably assisted by Brother Romuald. An elegantly finished desk for the cashier and clerk ornaments one corner of the room, while along the opposite walls are arranged mirrors of various lengths. Immediately off the northwest corner is a smaller apartment designed and fitted up as a dressing-room. Passing directly eastward from the reception-room we enter another large apartment where the cutters do their work; thence passing southward we are ushered into a still larger room, where we find the busy tailors, hard at work, led by the genial Mr. Devlin, who enjoys the well-deserved reputation of being one of the best coat-makers in the State; all are plying their needles swift and sure, while in different parts of the room are all the appliances, of the latest and most improved pattern, which tailors do most need. There are sewing machines; geese—self-heating, or resting upon covered stoves, etc., etc. From this we are led to smaller rooms reserved for the storage of finished clothing and various other purposes. Underneath is the mending department, presided over by the genial Bro. Neil, assisted by Mr. MacBokum. The whole forms one large establishment, the usefulness and importance of which cannot be overestimated. And yet it is but comparatively a small portion of the large building known as "The Manual Labor School"; but the description of the various other departments we must defer to another week.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burger, Blackman, Brady, F. Chute, L. Chute, Clayton, Cartier, Daniels, DuBrul, Herman, Hummer, Howard, Morrison, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Brien, Paradis, Prichard, Rothert, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, F. Sullivan, J. B. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Schaack, Vurpillat, Berry.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Bundy, Blameuser, Brookfield, Brown, Cassidy, Crall, Correll, Carroll, Cotty, Colton, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Chilcote, Dechant, Dunlap, T. Flannigan, L. Gillon, Green, Gaffey, P. Gillon, Gruber, Heard, H. H. Heineman, Hauske, Houlihan, Hagan, Hayes, H. Heineman, Jacobs, O. Johnson, J. King, Kearns, Karasynski, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Kyle, Lesner, Layton, Langan, W. Lindeke, G. Lancaster, Myler, Manly, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, Miller, McErlain, F. Murphy, C. Murphy, Newman, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Otero, Powers, Phillips Richardson, Rebillot, Roberts, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sinnott, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillat, Wall, Weakland, Youngerman, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Boyd, B. Bates, Boyle, Beaud, Carney, Cole, Coe, Creiger, Collman, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Coll, Connors, Cummings, Chassing, Coyne, Corry, Dierkes, DuBois, Drumm, Davidson, Delany, Dempsey, W. Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Flannigan, Alfred Funke, P. Gibert, Gerlach, J. Greene, Garennes De, G. Gilbert, Girsch, Gifford, H. Gilbert, A. Greene, Grund, Glass, Gibson, Hill, Hannin, Hack, Hagus, Hoerr, Hake, Hahn, Jackson, Jewett, Kearney, Kennedy, Kanmeyer, Keith, Kick, Langevin, Lorie, Leonard, Luther, LaMore, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, Molitor, McCartney, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, McLeod, Monarch, S. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Murphy, W. McDonnell, W. Nichols, Neef, A. Nester, O'Rourke, Orton, O'Mara, Pope, Pena Dela, R. Payne, Pomeroy, Payne, Prichard, Qull, Quinlan, Rend, Russell, Renesh, W. Regan, Roper, Roberts, Schoffele, Scallan, Schillo, Stapleton, E. Smith, Sutter, Shimp, Sullivan, Schuereman, Treff, Tong, Thorn, Teeter, Todd, Thornton, Thome, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, G. Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, Cornell, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Coon, Curry, Crandall, Chapaton, Cross, Croke, Christ, Correy, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Drant, Ezekiel, Everest, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Hamilton, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Kinney, Loomis, Langley, Levi, Lounsbery, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Langevin, Lonergan, Lee, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Myers, McPhee, Maternes, McGuire, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, McLeod, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Pellenz, Pieser, Patterson, Priestly, Paul, Ronsome, Ronning, Rose, Russell, Steele, Stephens, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, L. Stone, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Young, Zoehrlaut.

For Twine, \$72,000.

It seems to be the impression of many people that the mail when sent from an office is gathered carelessly together and thrown into a mail bag, which is then locked and despatched. This is wholly wrong, for even in the smallest offices the letters and cards are all gathered face upward and tied into a neat package. The Government furnishes the twine to do this, and some idea of the immensity of the postal service can be formed from the fact that in one year the cost to the Government of the twine for this purpose (which, though strong, is of the cheapest quality) was nearly seventy-two thousand dollars.—MAX BENNETT in *February St. Nicholas*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Father Quigly, of the Utah diocese, is a welcome visitor at St. Mary's.

—The members of the Class of '91 are rejoicing that Geology is cancelled from their list of studies; for the final examination in that branch, under the presidency of Rev. Father Zahm, was held on Saturday the 17th, and proved satisfactory.

—The examination in Music; both vocal and instrumental, which is in progress, is proving highly satisfactory, and the success which thus crowns the first session's work must serve as an incentive to renewed efforts for the session which opens February 1.

—The Community Mass on Monday morning was celebrated by Very Rev. Father General, and to all it was a sacrifice of special thanksgiving that the health of our venerated Father has so much improved within the past few weeks. It is sincerely hoped that he will soon be able to continue his weekly instructions to the Children of Mary, whose special privilege it is to have Very Rev. Father General as the spiritual director of their society.

—Miss S. Meskill and little M. Bachrach rendered their respective recitations at the academic meeting of Sunday last in so acceptable a manner as to merit a special meed of praise from Very Rev. Father General. Miss Meskill recited "Gaulberto's Victory," by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and Mattie Bachrach, with pure accent and good inflection gave in German one of Goethe's charming little poems. The advantages accruing from these regular reunions are many, and not the least is the instruction to be gained from the remarks made after the "points" by Rev. Father Zahm, who has ever shown a special interest in all that pertains to the improvement of St. Mary's pupils.

A Thought.

On youth's bright calendar of years
The days are writ in gold;
Their lustre dims 'neath sorrow's tears
Which every life must hold.

On Heaven's bright calendar of years,
That Death's hand shall unfold,
Our eyes shall read, 'neath rust of tears,
The days still writ in gold.

Quiet Moments.

Alighting from the cars in a large city we are bewildered at the bustle and clamor about us. We push our way through the mass of shrieking cabmen, busy porters, messengers, and the crowd of travellers and sight-seers there

congregated, in our endeavor to escape the maelstrom of the depot. Our brain is in a whirl, and our one object is to seek a place removed from such a turmoil of enterprise. The very activity which seems to us unbearable in its noise and excitement is indicative of the progress of a city, and bespeaks commercial prosperity; and were there not those to whom the atmosphere of such surroundings is congenial, the spirit of the age would not bear the evidences of advancement which characterize it to-day in this country. But while there are branches of business life where moments which are quiet are also called dull, there are walks of life which owe success to periods of peace and quiet.

There are times when the atmosphere of calm and quiet is to the tired spirit as the cooling draught to the fevered lips, and as the refreshing breeze to the burning brow. After a day of activity, when mind and body are weary, the sedative of a few moments of solitude does as much towards restoring the tone of the mental and physical system as would a long night's rest.

It is in "sweet solitude" that noble purposes are formed, that high aspirations are fostered, that worthy estimates of earthly considerations are made, and that things spiritual appeal to the soul of man. To moments spent in quiet do we owe all that is best in the works of literature, science or art. In his long, solitary walks through England's woods and fields Wordsworth spoke to nature in a poet's language; every beauty around him responded, and from that communion the world was enriched by the poetry of Wordsworth's heart. Speaking of one who would attain literary success, Emerson says: "He must embrace solitude." Again, he writes that "solitude, the safeguard of mediocrity, is to genius the stern friend, the cold, obscure shelter where moult the wings which will bear it farther than sun and stars."

What a beautiful lesson of silence is taught in the operations of nature! It is not with sound of rejoicing that the army of spring blossoms greets the world, nor do their sisters, the summer flowers, proclaim their haunts by the chiming of their dainty bells. In silence do the leaves, tendrils and perfumed calyxes come forth under the quiet influence of the noiseless rays of the sun, and the unheard fructifying power of the earth. How silently does the frost trace his path in the winter nights, and, as though he would fain hush all sound, he covers up the running water of the river that its singing may not be heard!

The language of the skies in the hush of evening speaks without noise of words; silently

do the stars keep their watch; and whether they mark but a tiny speck of light in the heavens, or guide the footsteps of the Magi to Bethlehem's cave, they are unheard save by the listening soul.

The affections of the heart need the quiet of reflection in order to reach perfection; and it is in quiet moments, too, that the thoughts of dear ones become prayers, whose whisperings are caught up by silent angels, to be borne aloft, where earth's sorrows find voice to plead for help that falls gently and without sound, so much as the stir of a rose-leaf, into the waiting, longing heart.

HELEN MORSE (*Class '91*).

A Sad Case.

The brain, like a watch, is very delicate, and so slight a thing as a grain of dust serves to put the works out of order. All the wheels and springs are made to endure; but if any one of them is abused the works refuse to move. So it is with the brain. When, for instance, the bump of grammar is too much developed, all the other bumps refuse to perform their appointed duty, and grave results follow.

We lately heard of a sad case in one of our institutions where a girl gave her entire time to the study of grammar, so that she could do nothing but analyze and parse. For example, if she wanted anything at table she would astonish her neighbor by absently saying: "Please, pass the bread, a noun; common, singular, etc.; or, pass the gravy, a preposition, showing the relation between meat and potatoes." On being asked if she cared for soup, she replied: "Soup?—verb: present, soup; past, souped;—no, I thank you." One day she started with her schoolmates for a walk. One of her companions said: "What a pretty tree!" "The tree modifies the view," said the grammarian, "therefore, it is an adverb, for they modify." So, all through the day she compares, conjugates, parses and analyzes with heart-rending persistency, and, as the last bell rings, she murmurs: "I sleep; sleep is a verb, it denotes a state," and her next action is a verb, for it is a snore.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Bassett, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, Brady, Bradford, Black, M. Bonèbrake, Bogart, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cowan, Crilly, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, L. Du Bois, D. Davis, M. Donehue, Mary Donehue, Dougherty, Evoy, Eisenstädt, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess,

Maude Hess, Holmes, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Lynch, G. Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, McFarland, K. Morse, Murphy, M. Moore, Murison, McCormack, McCune, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, McCarthy, Nickel, Norris, O'Leary, Quinlan, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rizer, Rose, Ryder, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sanford, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Sena, Tod, Thirds, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Witkowski, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolff, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Culp, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, Clifford, Cooper, M. Davis, Dennison, B. Davis, Doble, Fossick, Gilmore, A. Girsch, B. Germain, P. Germain, Hamilton, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McLaughlin, McGuire, Meskill, Mabbs, Mestling, Mills, O'Mara, Quealy, Rosing, Reeves, Silvey, Scherrer, Soper, J. Smyth, Schaefer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, White, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Hamilton, Henry, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor, Young.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS.—Misses Balch, Clarke, Currier, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Morse.

1ST SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Adelsperger, Griffith, L. Nickel, Thirds, E. Quealy.

2D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Dennison, Gibbons, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Moynahan, Murphy, Spurgeon.

3D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Bero, Charles, Cohoon, Davis, Dempsey, Donehue, Green, Kimmell, G. Lauth, Moore, Murison, Norris, Quinlan, Roberts, Smith, Zahm, Kirley, Call, Ludwig, A. Tormey.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Brady, Grauman, Good, Holmes, McCormack, Roberts, Schermerhorn, Van Mourick, Witkowski, Clifford, O'Mara, Soper.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Butler, Bradford, Cowan, Dougherty, Evoy, Fehr, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, S. McGuire, Moynahan, Quinn, Root, Rizer, Schermerhorn, Whitmore, Young, Bogart, Bachrach, M. Davis, B. Davis, E. Hammond, Smyth, Rosing.

3D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Crilly, Daley, Hopkins, Kingsbaker, McPhillips, Sena, Black, Ryder.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses M. Bartholomew, Fossick, Holmes, Hickey, Mabbs, Doble.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses M. G. Bachrach, Mills, L. Schaefer, J. Smyth, White, Young.

2D JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses Crandall, Mestling, McLoughlin, Eldred, Silvey, Egan, Finnerty, Henry, M. Hamilton, McKenna, McPhillips, Otero.

3D JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses Girsch, McCarthy, Young.

The Glance Interrogatory.

Talleyrand, like most diplomatists, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on an ability to adjust his mode of address to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking. On one occasion, when a number of distinguished men were dining with him, he varied his formula, when inviting them to partake of beef, in such a manner as to suit the rank of the respective persons. "May I have the honor of sending your royal highness a little beef?" he asked a prince of the blood. To a duke he said: "Monseigneur, permit me to send you a little beef?" "Marquis," he continued, "may I send you some beef?" "Viscount, pray have a little beef." "Baron, do you take beef?" ran the next interrogation. "Monsieur," he said to an untitled gentleman, "some beef?" To his secretary he remarked, casually, "Beef?" But there was one gentleman left who deserved even less consideration than the secretary, and Talleyrand, poised his knife in the air, favored him with a mere look of interrogation.—*Ex*